



EGOTIST AND HIS PICTURE.

An egotist sat down one day
To look the family album through;
The dust of years upon it lay,
The clasp with verdigris was blue.

Aunt Hattie's picture made him smile,
He laughed at dear old Uncle John
And marveled at the funny style
Of all the clothing he had on.

At Cousin Grace's photograph
He looked awhile and turned his head
Endeavoring to choke a laugh—
For she, so glad some once, was dead.

How awkwardly she seemed to stand,
The happy bride of long ago;
On Reuben's shoulder lay her hand,
He had his oiled hair parted low.

At last the egotist espied
The picture of a boy who gazed
At something far away, squint-eyed
And seemingly a little dazed.

His ears hung out like wings, his hair
Was plastered down across his brow;
His clothes—alas, what boy would dare
To venture out in such things now?

The egotist gazed for awhile
Upon the homely boy, then o'er
His features broke a sickly smile—
He was an egotist no more.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A Daughter of the Sioux

By GEN. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER XIX.

The columns of Col. Henry and Maj. Webb, as said "the chief," had united, and here were two men who could be counted on to push the pursuit "for all they were worth." Hitherto, acting in the open country and free from encumbrance, the Indians had been hard to reach. Now they were being driven into their fastnesses among the mountains toward the distant shelter whither their few wounded had been conveyed, and where the old men, the women and children were in hiding. Now it meant that, unless the troops could be confronted and thrown back another transfer of tepees and travois, ponies and dogs, wounded and aged would have to be made. Lane Wolf had thought his people safe behind the walls of the Big Horn, and the shifting screen of warriors along the foothills, but the blue skirmish lines pushed steadily on into the fringing pines driving the feathered braves from ridge to ridge, and Lane Wolf had sense enough to see that here were leaders that "meant business," and would not be held. Henry had ten veteran troops at his back when he united with Webb, who led his own and the Beecher squadron, making 18 companies, or troops, of horse, with their pack mules, all out at the front, while the wagon train and ambulances were thoroughly guarded by a big battalion of sturdy infantry, nearly all of them good marksmen against whose spiteful Springfield rifles the warriors made only one essay in force, and that was more than enough. The bluecoats emptied many an Indian saddle and strewn the prairie with ponies, and sent Whistling Elk and his people to the right about in sore dismay, and then it dawned on Lane Wolf that he must now either mislead the cavalry leader, throw him off the track, as it were, or move the villages, wounded, prisoners and all, across the Big Horn river where hereditary fœmen, Shoshone and Absaraka would surely welcome them red-handed.

It was at this stage of the game he had his final split with Stabber. Stabber was shrewd, and saw unerringly that with other columns out, from Custer on the Little Horn and Washakie on the Wind River—with reinforcements coming from north and south, the surrounding of the Sioux in arms would be but a matter of time. He had done much to get Lane Wolf into the scrape and now was urging hateful measures as, unless they were prepared for further and heavier losses, the one way out, and that was—surrender.

Now, this is almost the last thing the Indian will do. Not from fear of consequences at the hands of his captors, for he well knows that physically, he is infinitely better off when being coddled by Uncle Sam than when fighting in the field. It is simply the loss of prestige among his fellow red men that he hates and dreads. Therefore, nothing short of starvation or probable annihilation prompts him, as a rule, to yield himself a prisoner.

And this was the situation when the general's first dispatches were sent in to Frayne—this the last news to reach the garrison from the distant front for five long days, and then one morning, when the snow was sifting softly down, there came tidings that thrilled the little community, heart and soul—tidings that were heard with mingled tears and prayers and rejoicings, and that led to many a visit of congratulation to Mrs. Hay, who, poor woman, dare not say at the moment that she had known it all as much as 24 hours earlier, despite the fact that Pete and Crapaud were banished from the roll of her auxiliaries.

Even as the new couriers came speeding through the veil of falling flakes, riding jubilantly over the wide-rolling prairie with their news of victory and battle, the post commander at Fort Frayne was puzzling over a missive that had come to him, he

knew not how—mysteriously as the anarchists' warnings are said to find their way to the very bedside of the guarded Romanoffs. Sentry Number 4 had picked it up on his post an hour before the dawn—a letter addressed in bold hand to Maj. Stanley Flint, commanding Fort Frayne, and, presuming the major himself had dropped it, he turned it over to the corporal of his relief, and so it found its way toward reveille into the hands of old McGann, wheezing about his work of building fires, and Michael laid it on the major's table and thought no more about it until two hours later when the major roused and read, and then a row began that ended only with the other worries of his incumbency at Frayne.

Secretly Flint was doing his best to discover the bearer when came the bold riders from the north with their thrilling news. Secretly, he had been over at the guard-house interviewing as best he could, by the aid of an unwilling clerk who spoke a little Sioux, a young Indian girl whom Crabb's convalescent squad, four in number, had most unexpectedly run down, when sent scouting five miles up the Platte, and brought, screaming, scratching and protesting, back to Frayne. Her pony had been killed in the dash to escape, and the two Indians with her seemed to be young lads not yet well schooled as warriors, for they rode away pell-mell over the prairie, leaving the girl to the mercy of the soldiers. Flint believed her to be connected in some way with the coming of the disturbing note, which was why he compelled her detention at the guard-house. Under Webb's regime, she would have been questioned by Hay, or some one of his household. Under Flint, no one of Hay's family or retainers could be allowed to see her. He regarded it as most significant that her shrillest screams and fiercest resistance should have been reserved until just as her guardians were bearing her past the trader's house. She had the light little prison room to herself all that wintry morning, and there, disdainful of bunk or chair, enveloped in her blanket, she squatted disconsolate, greeting all questioners with defiant and fearless shruggings and inarticulate protest. Not a syllable of explanation, not a shred of news could their best endeavors wring from her. Yet her glittering eyes were surely in search of some one, for she looked up eagerly every time the door was opened, and Flint was just beginning to think he would have to send for Mrs. Hay when the couriers came with their stirring news and he had to drop other affairs in order to forward this important matter to headquarters.

Once again, it seems, Trooper Kennedy had been entrusted with distinguished duty, for it was he who came trotting foremost up the road, waving his dispatch on high. A comrade from Blake's troop, following through the ford, had turned to the left and led his horse up the steep to the quarters nearest the flagstaff. This time there was no big-hearted post commander to bid the Irishman refresh himself ad libitum. Flint was alone at his office, at the moment, and knew not this strange trooper, and looked askance at his heterodox garb and war-worn guise. Such laxity, said he to himself, was not permitted where he had hitherto served, which was never on Indian campaign. Kennedy, having delivered his dispatches, stood mutely expectant of question, and struggling with an Irishman's enthusiastic eagerness to tell the details of the heavy fight, but Flint had but one method of getting at facts—the official reports—and Kennedy stood unnoticed until, impatient at last, he queried:

"Beg pardon, sir, but may we put up our horses?"

"Who's we?" asked the major, bluntly. "And where are the others?"

"Trigg, sir—Capt. Blake's troop. He went to the captain's quarters with a package."

"He should have reported himself first to the post commander," said the major, who deemed it advisable to make prompt impression on these savage hunters of savage game.

"Thim wasn't his orders, surr," said Kennedy, with zeal, but misguided loyalty to his comrades and his regiment.

"No one has a right, sir, to give orders that are contrary in spirit to the regulations and customs of the service," answered the commander, with proper austerity. "Mr. Wilkins," he continued, as the burly quartermaster came bustling in, "have the other trooper sent to report at once to me and let this man wait outside till I am ready to see him."

And so it happened that a dozen members of the garrison gathered, from the lips of a participant, stirring particulars of a spirited chase and fight that set soldiers to cheering and women and children to extravagant scenes of rejoicing before the official head of the garrison gave out the news. Kennedy had taken satisfaction for the commander's slights by telling the tidings broadcast to the crowd that quickly gathered, and, in three minutes, the word was flying from lip to lip that the troops had run down Lane Wolf's main village after an all-day, all-night rush to head them off, and that with very small loss they had been able to capture many of the families and to scatter the warriors among the hills.

In brief, while Henry, with the main body, had followed the trail of the fighting band, Webb had been detached, and, with two squadrons, had ridden hard after a Shoshone guide, who led them by a short cut through the range and enabled them to pounce on the village where were most of Lane Wolf's non-combatants, guarded only by a small party of warriors, and, while Capt. Billings and Ray, with their troops, remained in charge of these captives, Webb, with Blake

and the others, had pushed on in pursuit of certain braves who had scampered into the thick of the hills, carrying a few of the wounded and prisoners with them. Among those captured, were Mr. Hay and Crapaud. Among those who had been spirited away was Nanette Flower. This seemed strange and unaccountable.

And yet Blake had found time to write to his winsome wife—to send her an important missive and most important bit of news. It was with these she came running in to Mrs. Hay before the latter had time to half read the long letter received from her soldier husband, and we take the facts in the order of their revelation.

"Think of it, Madie," she cried, "Think of it! Gerald's first words, almost, are, 'Take good care of that pouch and contents,' and now pouch and contents are gone! Whoever



"MRS. HAY'S RIGHT HAND AND ARM FLEW UP IN THE SUPERB GESTURE KNOWN AS THE INDIAN SIGNAL, 'HALT!'"

dreamed that they would be of such consequence? He says the newspaper will explain."

And presently the two bonny heads were bent over the big sheets of a dingy, grimy copy of a Philadelphia daily, and there, on an inner page, heavily marked, appeared a strange item, and this Quaker City journal had been picked up in an Ogallala camp. The item read as follows:

AN UNTAMED SIOUX.

The authorities of the Carlisle School and the police of Harrisburg are looking high and low for a young Indian known to the records of the Academy as Ralph Moreau, but borne on the pay rolls of Buffalo Bill's Wild West aggregation as Eagle Wing—a youth who is credited with having given the renowned scout-showman more trouble than all his braves, bronchos and "busters" thereof combined. Being of superb physique and a daring horseman, Moreau had been forgiven many a peccadillo, and had followed the fortunes of the show two consecutive summers until Cody finally had to get rid of him as an intolerable nuisance.

It seems that when a lad of 13, "Eagle Wing" had been sent to Carlisle, where he ran the gamut of scrapes of every conceivable kind. He spoke English picked up about the agencies; had influential friends and, in some clandestine way, received occasional supplies of money that enabled him to take French leave when he felt like it. He was sent back from Carlisle to Dakota as irremediable, and after a year or two on his native heath, reappeared among the haunts of civilization as one of Buffalo Bill's warriors. Bill discharged him at Cincinnati and, at the instance of the Indian bureau, he was again placed at Carlisle, where he proceeded to paint with his favorite color that very night, and wound up the entertainment by galloping away on the horse of a prominent official, who had essayed to escort him back to Carlisle. It is believed that he is now in hiding somewhere about the suburbs of West Philadelphia, and that an innate propensity for devilment will speedily betray him to the clutches of the law.

A few moments after reading this oddly interesting story the two friends were in consultation with Mrs. Dade, who, in turn, called in Dr. Waller, just returning from the hospital and a not too satisfactory visit to Mr. Field. There had been a slight change for the better in the condition of Gen. Field that had enabled Dr. Lorain, of Fort Russell, and a local physician to arrange for his speedy transfer to Cheyenne. This had in a measure relieved the anxiety of Waller's patient, but never yet had the veteran practitioner permitted him to know that he was practically a prisoner as well as a patient. Waller feared the result on so high-strung a temperament, and had made young Field believe that, when strong and well enough to attempt the journey, he should be sent to Rock Springs. Indeed, Dr. Waller had no intention of submitting to Maj. Flint's decision as final. He had written personally to the medical director of the department, acquainting him with the facts, and, meanwhile, had withdrawn himself as far as possible, officially and socially, from the limited circle in which moved his perturbed commanding officer.

He was at a distant point of the garrison, therefore, and listening to the excited and vehement comments of the younger of the three women upon this strange newspaper story, and its possible connection with matters at Frayne, at the moment when a dramatic scene was being enacted over beyond the guard-house. Kennedy was still the center of a

little group of eager listeners when Pink Marble, factotum of the trader's store, came hurrying forth from the adjutant's office, speedily followed by Maj. Flint. "You may tell Mrs. Hay that while I cannot permit her to visit the prisoner," he called after the clerk, "I will send the girl over—under suitable guard."

To this Mr. Marble merely shrugged his shoulders and went on. He fancied Flint no more than did the relics of the original garrison. A little later Flint personally gave an order to the sergeant of the guard and then came commotion.

First there were stifled sounds of scuffle from the interior of the guard-house; then shrill, wrathful screams; then a woman's voice uplifted in wild upbraidings in an unknown tongue, at sound of which Trooper Kennedy dropped his rein and his jaw, stood staring one minute; then, with the exclamation: "Mother of God, but I know that woman!" burst his way through the crowd and ran toward the old log blockhouse at the gate—the temporary post of the guard. Just as he turned the corner of the building, almost stumbling against the post commander, there came bursting forth from the dark interior a young woman of the Sioux, daring, furious, raging, and, breaking loose from the grasp of the two luckless soldiers who had her by the arms, away she darted down the road, still screaming like some infuriated child, and rushed straight for the open gateway of the Hay's. Of course the guard hastened in pursuit, the major shouting "Stop her! Catch her!" and the men striving to appear to obey, yet shirking the feat of seizing the fleeing woman. Fancy, then, the amazement of the swiftly following spectators when the trader's front door was thrown wide open and Mrs. Hay herself sprang forth. Another instant and the two women had met at the gate. Another instant still, and, with one motherly arm twining about the quivering, panting, pleading girl and straining her to the motherly heart, Mrs. Hay's right hand and arm flew up in the superb gesture known the wide frontier over as the Indian signal, "Halt!" and halt they did, every mother's son save Kennedy, who sprang to the side of the girl and faced the men in blue. And then another woman's voice, rich, deep, ringing, powerful, fell on the ears of the amazed, swift-gathering throng, with the marvelous order: "Stand where you are! You shan't touch a hair of her head! She's a chief's daughter. She's my own kin, and I'll answer for her to the general himself. As for you," she added, turning now and glaring straight at the astounded Flint, all the pent-up sense of wrath, indignity, shame and wrong overmastering any thought of prudence or of "the divinity that doth hedge" the commanding officer, "As for you," she cried, "I pity you when our own get back again! God help you, Stanley Flint, the moment my husband sets eyes on you. D'you know the message that came to him this day?"

And now the words rang louder and clearer, as she addressed the throng. "I do, and so do officers and gentlemen who'd be ashamed to have to shake hands with such as he. He's got my husband's note about him now, and what my husband wrote was this—'I charge myself with every dollar you charge to Field, and with the further obligation of thrashing you on sight'—and, mark you, he'll do it!"

[To Be Continued.]

An Awkward Moment.

There is a story which Sir Edward Malet recalls of a situation hardly equalled in fiction. A certain cardinal at an evening party, when pressed by an admiring circle of ladies to say whether he had ever received any startling confessions, replied that the first person who had come to him after he had taken orders desired absolution for a murder which he confessed to having committed. A gentle shudder ran through the frames of the audience. This was turned to consternation when, ten minutes later, an elderly marquess entered the apartment and eagerly claimed acquaintance with the cardinal. "But I see your eminence does not remember me," he said. "You will do so when I remind you that I was the first person who confessed to you after you entered the service of the church!"—St. James' Gazette.

Rival Odors.

There is a story attaching to one of Bismarck's cigars. The first Lord Amthill called upon the Chancellor, and, while he waited, out came Count Harry Arnim, fanning himself with his handkerchief, and looking as if he were about to choke. "Well," he said, "I cannot understand how Bismarck can bear that—smoking the strongest Havanas in a stuffy little room. I had to beg him to open the window." When the Englishman entered the apartment he found Bismarck, apparently gasping for breath, at the open window. "What strange tastes some people have," he said. "Arnim has just been with me, and he was so overpoweringly perfumed that I could stand it no longer, and had to open the window."—St. James' Gazette.

A Real Distinction.

Two ministers were discussing the characteristics of a third, who was known for his zeal as a controversialist.

"Still, with all his peculiarities," said one of them, "Brother Putnam leads a deeply religious life, does he not?"

"Well," responded the other, "I will hardly go so far as that, but I can say that I think he leads a deeply theological life."—Youth's Companion.

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